

American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

OCTOBER • 1957



"YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY!"

VOLUME 39 OCTOBER 1957 NUMBER 1

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Wesley Dennis 1

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EXPLORING OUR WORLD

October NEWS Cover

"Yes sir, that's my baby!" Mother horse looks proudly at her baby foal. Wesley Dennis, one of our favorite cover artists, is loved by children everywhere who like books about horses. Mr. Dennis not only writes and illustrates horse stories himself, but collaborates with Marguerite Henry and other well-known writers on their books. He keeps horses on his farm near Warrenton, Virginia, as models for his sketches.

Life Begins at Forty

Forty years of service have gone by for Junior Red Cross since it was first established, Sept. 15, 1917. From 8 million, the number of members has increased to over 22 million today. The total number of production items, gifts for overseas, and all the other services given by members during these 40 years can only be guessed at. It is tremendous.

The 40-year foundation has been laid. What will be the story for the second 40 years? Junior delegates to the 1957 AJRC Training Center at Hood College, Frederick, Md., put it this way:

*Forty years the juniors grew,
Now the rest is up to you!*

Exploring Our World

In the NEWS this 1957-58 year, we will explore our world through our AJRC Statement of Principles. Each month's theme will emphasize a different section of this Statement. October's theme: *We believe in service for others.*

The idea for this use of the Statement as a basis for the magazine contents themes was first suggested by the 1954 Eastern Area Advisory Council of Junior Red Cross members.

The back cover this month presents the entire Statement of Principles. You may want to put it on your bulletin board, and learn to say it at each of your JRC meetings this year.

Serving Our Fellow Man

This was the title of a colorful JRC pageant, given as a part of the Allamakee County Rural 8th Grade Promotion Exercises, Waukon, Iowa, in May. Planned and written by the JRC council under the supervision of Mrs. M. H. Goede, JRC chairman, it included 300 boys and girls from 12 schools in the county. A remarkable achievement!

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.

We serve in time of trouble

DALLAS, TEXAS—After a tornado swept through their town, JRC members Jimmy Cole (left) and David Bowler of Bradfield School help give out toys collected for children who had lost their playthings in the disaster.



APC photo by Palmer

A DAY TO REMEMBER

Illustrated by Fred Collins

**A story by Edith Patterson Meyer
of the day Columbus came to
Barcelona, Spain, after his discovery
of America.**

NO SCHOOL for Luis that day. No school for any boy or girl in all Barcelona. Not an office open. Not a shop. For today Columbus—that great man whose name was on every Spaniard's lips—Columbus was coming to Barcelona. He would be received by their majesties, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. All the royal court would be there, and anyone who could, would get to a balcony or a window or roof, or crowd into a street to see him as he passed. Already the city was gay with banners and flags and scarves floating from balconies and hung across the narrow streets.

Yesterday Luis's teacher had said that, of all the days in their lives, this April day in 1493 might well be the one they would remember longest. And then he had told the class about Columbus. How this Italian sailor had persuaded the king and queen to buy for him three ships to sail westward across the great unknown ocean. For Columbus believed that the earth was round and that by sailing west he would reach the rich eastern countries of China and India. Few people expected ever again to see this wild adventurer or the crazy sailors who went with him on the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria.

But last month, Luis's teacher told the class, after being gone nearly 8 months, Columbus had returned. It was said that he

had found the eastern lands. So now he was no longer thought to be a dreamer or a wild adventurer but a wise and brave man. He had just traveled on horseback the 800 miles from the harbor on the west coast of Spain where he had landed to come to their majesties' court here at Barcelona. He would report to them on the lands he had found. And it was said he was bringing things to show them from those lands—gold and plants and animals and birds. He had even, the teacher had heard, brought a few of the strange people who lived there.

Luis thought about all this as he dressed. With so much to see, he decided not to wait until Columbus and his company arrived in the narrow streets of Barcelona. He would go out the city gate and hurry along the road to the south. When he met the great man, he would follow him back into the city.

While he ate a large round roll still warm from the heat of the hearth, Luis stuffed another one into his pocket along with a piece of cheese and a few ripe olives. Without so much as a wave of his hand to his mother and sister, who were washing clothes at the gray stone trough in the back yard, Luis was off.

At the city gate he was amazed to see so many people streaming out into the country. So he was not the only one with that bright idea! Men and women as well as children crowded the road. It was a beautiful spring day, and they loitered along, enjoying the warm sunshine and a sense of holiday. That was too slow for Luis! He took to the fields which edged the road, skirted a field of young grain and ran through an orchard fragrant with blossoms. When he thought he would



Filled with curiosity and fear, Luis stared at the strange boy and the brilliantly colored bird.

have passed all the people, he turned back to the road.

To his surprise, people still filled it. Then he saw them take to the fields, as he had done, and he saw the reason. Coming slowly down the road from the city was a troop of their majesties' horsemen. In the center Luis could make out the king's chamberlain, whom he'd seen in processions in the city. Luis also recognized representatives of the merchant guild, bearing banners. Behind them he saw a fife-and-drum corps and bringing up the rear a troop of soldiers.

Whew, this Columbus really must be a great man! What a procession this would be!

Instead of going along at this snail's pace, Luis decided to make for a back way so he could get to Columbus ahead of all these people. Slipping in and out of green fields and gray-green olive groves, Luis soon was on a rough little track used by farmers with their mules and goats. It was deserted.

Suddenly Luis stopped dead still. A flash of brilliant color darted from one tree to another, then poised motionless on the low branch of a gnarled old olive tree. Red and yellow and green it was, with long tail feathers and a clump of feathers above the wicked-looking beak and beady black eyes. Luis stared wide-eyed. Never had he seen a bird like this. Where had it come from?

Then he had the strange feeling that he was not alone. He did not see anyone, yet he was sure. Goose pimples broke out on him. Should he run? But he stood his ground. Scarcely moving, he looked around. Then he bit his tongue. Almost, but not quite, he had shrieked. Was he out of his mind? First that bird and then this! And he stared, hardly believing his eyes, at a creature half hidden behind a tree. A boy, not much older than himself, with brown skin, hardly any clothes on, long bluish-black hair held back by a bright headband, and golden ornaments around neck and arms and ankles and dropping from nose and ears.

Filled with curiosity and fear, Luis continued to stare. The brown boy, he noticed, did not seem angry or unfriendly. He stood quiet as a statue, his eyes on the gay bird. In his hand Luis saw a sort of braided-grass leash. It was clear that the one thought in the boy's mind was to capture that bird.

The bird evidently was playing a game. As the brown boy made a dash toward it, it darted away—straight toward the tree where Luis stood. Almost without thinking he threw his arms up but missed the bird and startled it into flying farther away.

Now the two boys faced each other. Not knowing what to say or do, they said and did exactly nothing. Each stared at the other, recognizing a human being strange but not unfriendly. And both recognized the necessity of the moment—to catch that bird. So they worked together toward that end.

Every time they crept up on the bird it gave a wild screech and flew again, both boys after it like a flash. It did not fly high or far, but it took them several minutes before, between them, they caught it. Luis held the bird while the brown boy fastened the leash over a leg. Then he turned to Luis and said a single word: "Columbus."

Now Luis understood it all. Of course! This was one of the people Columbus had brought from half way round the world to show the king and queen. And the bird—that too was something he had brought to show them. Luis smiled. What a story he'd have in school tomorrow! And he had one of the tail feathers the bird had lost in the struggle to prove it!

With the brown boy clasping the protesting bird, they went down the path that led to a little village beside the road. Here the brown boy led Luis to the back of the sprawling country inn. Beside a tent sat five brown-skinned men. They too were almost naked and wore golden necklaces, bracelets, anklets, ear and nose rings. In the open space nearby, boys were busily grooming horses and mules.

As Luis looked curiously at everything an official beckoned to the brown men. They got to their feet and followed him, and Luis followed them and his young friend. A dark passage led into the large inner court of the inn. There Luis could see that the dignitaries from the city had arrived. The soldiers were keeping back the crowd. The fife-and-drum corps began a lively little tune and the troops stood at attention. The king's chamberlain stepped forward and faced the man whom Luis knew must be Columbus. He was tall and handsome. His bronzed ruddy skin contrasted with the whiteness of his hair and carefully trimmed beard. He was soberly but carefully dressed in dark clothes.

With a courtly bow and in a polite and serious manner, Columbus responded to the chamberlain's greeting. He would, he said, be at their service for the procession into Barcelona as quickly as he could organize his company and their exhibits. He had, for example, these "Indians." And before the amazed eyes of the Spanish dignitaries and soldiers, Columbus brought forward the six brown-skinned, gold-adorned men.

The welcoming Spaniards moved out of the court to give Columbus more room for his preparations. From his corner Luis saw Columbus directing everything, going from one group to another. Velvet cloths were thrown over the horses. Fourteen mules were loaded. Sailors and servants brought out baskets so heavy they could scarcely be lifted—gold, Luis heard someone say. There were gold nuggets and golden coronets and masks, too. Bearers loaded themselves down with bows and arrows, spears, oars, fishing implements, woven hammocks, bales of cotton, shells, pieces of rock, samples of woods and plants the like of which Luis had never seen. There were strange animals and birds like the one he had helped catch—"parrots" he heard them called. Most of these were in skillfully woven twig cages but some were on leashes.

The Indian boy stayed with his people. Once he flashed Luis a friendly smile. The Indians had put elaborate feathered headdresses over their headbands and stood ready to follow the men on horseback. On small horses at either side of Columbus rode his two sons, handsome young Diego and 5-year-old Fernando. Behind them came half a dozen of Columbus' officials. And behind the Indians were the heavily laden mules and the bearers loaded down with trophies.

As Columbus' company started out, Luis crowded by the soldiers. Outside the inn he saw the dignitaries sitting astride their restless horses, the band waiting for the signal to start up, and the throngs of people, held back by the soldiers.

Such cheers as went up as they saw Columbus! He held himself proudly and looked at them with keen, kindly eyes and a smile upon his lips. And now the cheers changed to astonished shouts as the people caught sight of the six Indians. Never had they seen anything like this!

Suddenly Luis felt a hand on his shoulder. The Indian boy, darting away from the others, had pulled off his feathered headdress and with an impulsive gesture thrust it into Luis's hands. Before Luis could so much as breathe, the Indian boy was back in his place in the procession.

Luis scarcely heard the tooting of the band or the shouts of the people. He looked at the headdress in amazed delight. Then he made a dash for the deserted little upper path. He would take no chances of losing that precious possession in the great crowd. In the orchard where he had met his first Indian and his first parrot, Luis sat down to think things over. Tenderly he fingered the headdress, feather by feather.

How right his teacher was! Luis clasped the headdress to him and knew that of all the days of his life, this one, when Columbus came to Barcelona, would be the day he would never forget.

THE END

PAK SUK WON

BIRD WATCHER OF SHIN DO

By PAK SUK WON

as told to Betty Burleigh, writer and
photographer, Far East Area Head-
quarters American Red Cross.



Suk Won and his load of rice straw on an A-frame. The stick he carries is called *chak taiki*. He uses it to keep his balance, while putting on and taking off the A-frame.

What eats rice straw, has one mouth and several necks?

There is one, with at least two necks, under the grass roof of every house in my village of Shin Do in Korea. Grandpa Choi has seen big ones with seven or eight necks in rich men's homes in the city of Seoul. In all my ten years, I, Pak Suk Won, have not seen one with as many necks as that. After I grow up and become a man, I will travel far to see such wonders.

In our little mud house, here in our Village of the Good Spirit, my mother and sister and I have a small one. Ours has only two necks. Though I feed it rice straw, every morning and every night, always it is hungry. It stays in our kitchen near the big pile of rice straw, which it is so fond of gobbling.

Have you guessed yet, what eats rice straw, has one mouth and several necks?

It is a Korean stove.

The necks are mud and stone passages, like pipes. From the stove in the kitchen they run underneath the floors of other rooms in the house. In this way, the smoke and hot air from our cooking fire travels beneath our feet to heat our floors.

How wonderful are warm floors—to sit on and to sleep on—in the Season of the Big Cold.

It is too cold, then, for cabbages and onions to grow. My mother has nothing to take to market. In the warm weather she carries onions and cabbages in a basket on her head to the market place. She sells the vegetables for *hwan* (Korean money) to take care of me and Wha Cha. Wha Cha or "Flower



In the kitchen of his home Suk Won feeds rice straw into the stove while his mother cooks. Rice straw burns quickly. Suk Won must keep on feeding the stove. Wood is scarce in Korea.



In the courtyard of Suk Won's home a neighbor girl, Chun Chung Boon, who carries her baby sister on her back, waits while Suk Won puts on his komu shin (rubber shoes). Chung Boon's komu shin have turned-up toes.

Child" is my 4-year-old sister. Soon after she was born, our father went to help God tend the rice fields of heaven.

How well I remember the Big Cold last year! It was just before the end of my school vacation. My mother, Wha Cha, and I were hungry—so very, very hungry. We had nothing to eat—no rice, no bean paste, no kimchee (pickled cabbage). I tried to dig roots for boiling, but they would not come from the frozen ground.

Though we had nothing to cook, I was starting a fire in our kitchen stove to heat our floors. Then I heard the "tap, tap, tap" of Grandpa Choi's cane on the hard earth of our courtyard. Under his arm he carried a basket of rice. On top of the rice were gray slabs of dried fish and bright red peppers.

Grandpa Choi is not really my grandfather. He is a neighbor who is good to us and helps us when he can.

My mother lowered her head and said, "Pak-sa (Wise One), may your shadow never grow less."

Smiling his wise smile, he replied, "Feeding hungry mouths is better than making offerings to Buddha."

Never have I tasted anything as good as our dinner that night! Sitting on our warm floor we ate and ate the steaming food in our bowls, by the light of our kerosene lamp.

How grand it was, after that dinner, to stretch out on the warm floor while my mother sat beside me, singing softly in Korean.

After a while she went to the window. ➡



Suk Won puts load of onions on his mother's head. She sells the vegetables for hwan (Korean money) at the market place.

"My son," she said, "the snow falls on the grass roofs of Shin Do. By tomorrow our village will be blanketed with this snow—thick, soft, white, like bean curd. You and your friends can make a snowman."

In winter, Korea is a land of talking snowmen. We made our talking snowman in our schoolyard. He was very big and fat. We made him hollow so we could crawl inside, one at a time, and speak for him. Many people in Shin Do came to admire our snowman and ask him questions.

An old man asked, "When will Spring come to warm my bones?"

And our snowman answered, "After the white plum blossoms."

When school began again our snowman melted. We didn't mind. Everybody in our school was busy with lessons and cleaning the building after the long vacation. As Korean Junior Red Cross boys and girls we



Suk Won lights Grandpa Choi's pipe. Grandpa Choi is dressed in his best clothes. He wears a horsehair hat called kat, worn by wise old men in Korea. His long white coat is called turumagi

work hard to keep our school shining clean. We dust and sweep and wash the blackboards. Our blackboards came all the way from far-off Yang Kook Land (America) from our Yang Kook Junior Red Cross friends.

School days passed quickly, and the cold grew less. We watched for the plum blossoms.

Every year, when plum trees bloom, we know that soon our brown valley will turn bright with flowers—dandelions, daisies, and later the pink cherry blossoms. Grandpa Choi told me that cherry trees bloomed in Korea long before the Japanese came and took them to Japan.

In June, after the farmers have transplanted young rice plants from their seedbeds into the fields of mud called "paddies," our valley is bright green. I think that the green of rice plants in the summer sunshine is the brightest green in the world.

Even before the Golden Season, when the



Suk Won (second from left) and his Junior Red Cross friends sweep the yard in front of their school. Keeping the school clean is one of their JRC projects.



At Shin Do School, Suk Won and Sou Hwa Cha open gift boxes from the AJRC. Suk Won's box is from Emerson School, Compton, Calif. Hwa Cha's box is from Holy Redeemer School, Montrose, Calif.

Against a background of large, colorful posters that line the walls of their school, Suk Won (left) and Lee Im Bok work on a JRC album for a school overseas.



rice plants put on their yellow coats, birds come to eat the tender, milky kernels of rice. We must watch out for the birds that swoop down upon the rice fields for their dinner. I am very busy then, scaring the birds away from Grandpa Choi's rice.

To get ready for the birds, Grandpa Choi and I drive sticks, 2 or 3 feet high, into the mud of his rice paddy. We plant the sticks in straight lines between the rows of rice plants. Next we tie the sticks together with strings. Now the paddy looks as if tiny telephone poles were growing there along with the rice. On the string between each two poles we hang an old tin can with rocks in it. Finally, we tie all the lines together, so one person can pull the main string that sets the whole network quivering. The rocks in the cans go "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle" to frighten the birds away.

Every day Wha Cha and I sit by the edge of Grandpa Choi's paddy, watching, watching for birds. When we see some I let her pull the main string.

"Jingle, Jangle, Jingle," sing the tin cans.

"Squak, Squ-aak," cry the birds as they fly away.

Wha Cha and I made up a song about a foolish bird. It goes like this:

*Here comes a foolish bird to seek
the rice of Grandpa Choi.*

*You foolish bird, haven't you heard
what every bird in Korea should know?*

*"He who visits the paddies of Choi
Pak-sa*

flies away with an empty beak."

*Fly away, foolish bird,
fly away from our village
and the rice of our Grandpa Choi.*

Handicapped are Handy

"WE SERVE" is the motto adopted by boys and girls at the Charles A. Whitton School, Oakland, California, who have lots of fun taking part in the Junior Red Cross program of the Oakland Chapter. While some of the children are orthopedically handicapped, they enter eagerly into the program, according to Mrs. Edith Baptie, teacher-sponsor at the school.

JRCers at Whitton make hogan kits for the children of Navaho Indians, fill gift boxes to be sent to youngsters in other lands, and make ceramic ashtrays for bedridden servicemen and veterans in local hospitals.

"Perhaps our children are a bit more aware of the services of the Red Cross in the community," Mrs. Baptie explains. "Many of them are driven to and from school for swimming therapy by the volunteers of the Red Cross Motor Service."



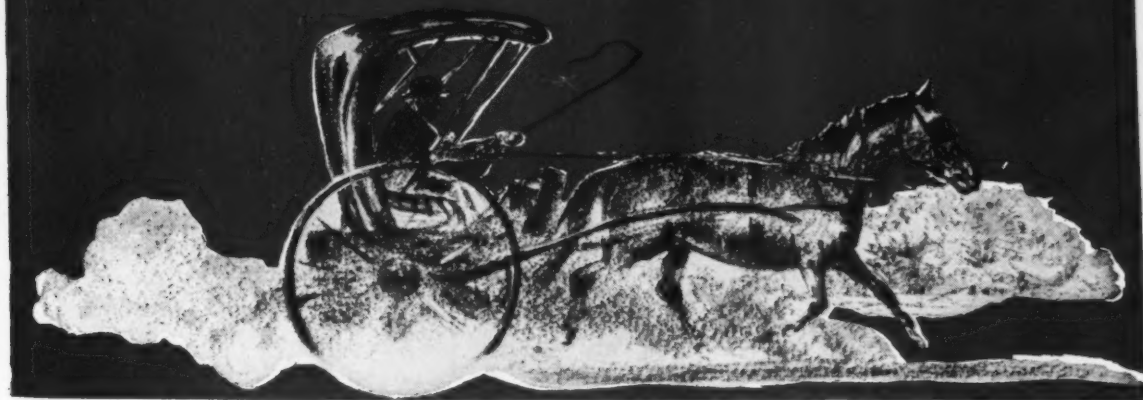
Jack Chinn photos

"We like to fill gift boxes for children overseas," say Whitton School pupils, Oakland, Calif., and their teacher-sponsor, Mrs. Edith Baptie.



"It's fun to make ashtrays for veterans who are sick," agree Whitton JRCers.

Old Ben pulled the doctor's two-wheeled chaise over rough country roads.



OLD BEN AND THE BUGLE CALL

By **FRANCES CARPENTER**

Author of "Horses, Horses, Horses," "Tales of a Korean Grandmother," and other favorite stories for children.

THERE WAS one thing to be said for the big bay horse, Ben. He always tried to do what was expected of him. And when he learned how to do it, he never forgot.

That's what the captain told old Dr. Brown when he came to buy himself a horse at the Army Post a few miles from his home. Now and again old Cavalry horses were sold there, and one might find a good bargain.

"Ben's a fine horse," the Cavalry Captain declared. "He does his best, and I hate to see him sold. But the General thinks he's a bit too old for the Army now."

"Well, I'm old myself," Dr. Brown said. "But I still get around. I have patients all over this countryside. My horse has gone

lame, and I must have another to pull my chaise. Can this one be driven?"

"You can ride Ben, and you can drive him, too," the Captain assured the old doctor. And so it was that the big bay horse was taken away to a new home.

This all happened long, long ago. It was before World War II, even before World War I, when horses, not motor units or missiles, were important in the United States Army. Indeed it was long before people knew anything about motor cars, in the times which now are called the "horse-and-buggy days."

The two-wheeled chaise in which old Dr. Brown made his calls was even older than four-wheeled buggies. He liked his old chaise just because it had only two wheels. He said it would not upset on the rough country roads. And in a tight place, it would turn on a spot no bigger than a silver dollar.

Dr. Brown and his wife became fond of the big bay horse. Half the time they called him



Illustrated by
Wesley Dennis

Old Ben; but often they still spoke of him as "the Captain's horse."

Ben wasn't really what one would call a very bright horse. But the Browns agreed that he did his best. He stood patiently at the hitching post, no matter how long the old doctor was inside any house. Ben came to know his way home to the stable so well, that Dr. Brown scarcely bothered to guide him with the reins.

Now this big bay horse's new master had told the truth when he remarked to the Cavalry Captain that he himself was old. It was only a year or so after Old Ben came to his stable that the good doctor died.

Some people thought Mrs. Brown would sell old Ben then. But she did not. Her stable

boy, Joe, fed Ben and curried him. Joe always was there to harness the big bay to the doctor's chaise. When Mrs. Brown went about town for visits and errands, she drove Ben herself, in spite of her age.

For Mrs. Brown was old, too. And she was deaf. But Old Ben had learned to pull to the side of the road when he heard the sound of faster hoofs coming behind the chaise. And you remember, Ben never forgot a lesson once learned.

Since she couldn't hear very well, old Mrs. Brown liked to go places where there was something to see. That's why she decided to drive out to the Army Post one fine October day.

"There's to be a drill of the Cavalry



Mrs. Brown could hardly keep her seat in the chaise as Big Ben galloped forward to take his old place in the line.

Troop," she told her stable boy, Joe, when she asked him to harness old Ben to the chaise. "I'll just ride out and watch it from the side of the field."

Many vehicles were drawn up around the edge of the open space where the Cavalry

exercises were to be held. People waved their hands in welcome to the independent old lady, for everyone in the community was fond of the doctor's widow. Mrs. Brown easily found a good place for her chaise where she could see all the horses out on the field.

At the sight of the Cavalry troop, Old Ben began to make whinnying sounds.

"I do believe Ben remembers that he once was a Captain's horse," Mrs. Brown called to a friend on a coach nearby. "See how he's tossing his head."

The autumn air was crisp and cool. The Army horses were dancing and prancing with tiny steps. Their riders sat trim and straight in their saddles, for this was a very important occasion.

Mrs. Brown was glad she had come. She held the reins lightly for she knew good Old Ben would stand still until she clucked for him to move. She wished she could hear the bugle more plainly. But she knew when the first notes came, because her bay horse grew uneasy, and she had to tighten the reins a little.

The troop was lined up, now. The officers were ready. And the General was in his place, with his stern eyes searching for anything at all out of order.

All at once, to Mrs. Brown's great surprise, her bay horse gave a lunge forward. The bugler had sounded a call he knew well, and before the old lady could pull him back with the reins, Old Ben was off, over the field.

It was all Mrs. Brown could do to keep her seat in the chaise. It swung this way and that way as the big bay horse galloped forward to take his old place in the line.

A roar of laughter went up from all sides of the field, as Mrs. Brown and Old Ben went into the battle line. The General forgot to be stern. He bent over his saddle holding his sides. The Captain of the troop wanted to laugh, but he was too busy thinking what he could do with this hatless old lady and

her swaying chaise in the midst of his drill.

Indeed, what could anyone do? All through his Army days the Captain's horse, Ben, had obeyed the calls of a bugle. Now he would not budge from his position in the line. He balked when they tried to take him away. Old Mrs. Brown, shaken and scared, could not get out of the chaise. So there they both stayed.

Nothing, not even an unheard of thing like this, must spoil the day's drill for the General. So the exercises went on.

When the bugle sounded the call for an about-face turn, the chaise whirled around, with one wheel in the air. Mrs. Brown had to hold on for dear life. Then came the bugle's command to charge. Like lightning Old Ben was off ahead of all the other horses. If there had been an enemy there, he and Mrs. Brown would have been first at the scene of attack. How the crowd roared!

"It's Old Ben, the Captain's big bay!" This was the word that went around that field from man to man. Many there had known this horse before he was sold.

It was a touching sight to see, the old Cavalry horse going through every step of the drill in spite of the chaise rolling at his heels. He had not forgotten the meaning of one bugle call.

But poor Mrs. Brown was red with shame. When at last the drill was over and she was able to get Old Ben out of the line, she begged the General's pardon. She begged the Captain's pardon, too. She apologized to each officer.

"Excuse me! Oh, excuse me!" the old lady cried. "You must see, indeed, that it wasn't my fault."

No one on the field that day would ever forget how Mrs. Brown and Old Ben joined the Army. Every other drill would seem tame after the fun and laughter which the bay horse had caused.

The next afternoon there was a knock on Mrs. Brown's front door.

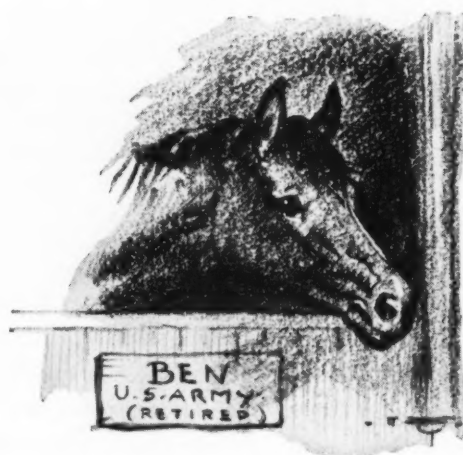
"Oh, dearie me, what will they do to me?" the old lady was alarmed at the sight of the two men in their Cavalry uniforms on her doorstep.

But the officers were smiling.

"We'd like to buy Old Ben back for the Army, Mrs. Brown," they began. "The men of the troop say he's a good example for the other horses and for soldiers too. They want him for their mascot. And the General gives his permission to have him on the Post."

"I'm fond of Old Ben, myself," Mrs. Brown said to gain time. She did not know whether she really wanted to sell the bay horse. But she shivered whenever she thought of her hair-raising ride of the day before. And she, too, was touched by the old horse's love for his Cavalry troop.

"Isn't Ben still too old for Army duty?" she asked.



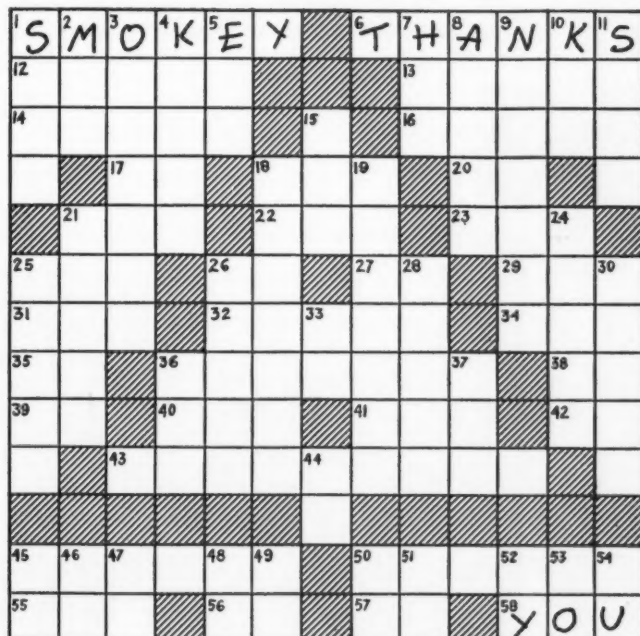
"Oh, he won't have any duty," the officers replied. "Now and then, just for fun, we'll put him through a practice drill. But he'll have it easy. Like any old soldier, he'll have his pension for life."

So, that's how it happened that Old Ben went back to his home on the Post. And that Mrs. Brown looked about for another horse, with no feeling for bugle calls, to pull her chaise.

THE END



SMOKEY THE BEAR



October 6 to 12 is Fire Prevention Week. Remember only **YOU** can prevent forest fires. Answers to puzzle are on page 24.

VERTICAL

1. Store.
2. Needed on forest vacations.
3. Most healthful kind of life.
4. Every camper needs one.
5. And so forth.
7. Possessed.
8. Nimble.
9. Kind of resources Smokey protects.
10. Recommended for campers.
11. Covers forests in winter.
15. Existed.
18. Forest Fires are a national
19. Kind of shrub (plural).
21. What you should do with all campfires.
24. Opposite of cathode.
25. Where you'll wind up if you're a careless camper.
26. One who acts for another.
28. Northern hardwood tree.
30. Always useful in camping trip to tie things together with.
33. Roman numeral *four*.
36. Vegetable.
37. To perceive.
44. Smallest state in Union (abbr.).
45. Preposition.
46. Conditional conjunction.
47. Mountain (abbr.).
48. Measure of type.
49. Note of scale.
50. Los Angeles (abbr.).
51. Same as 35 horizontal.
52. Preposition, *near to*.
53. Beginning and end of *ego*.
54. Rutgers University (abbr.).

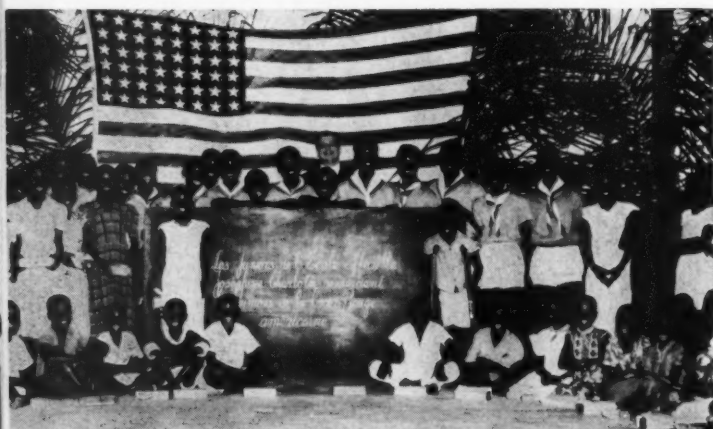
HORIZONTAL

1. Famous Forest Fire Prevention symbol.
6. Gratitude.
12. Ghosts do it.
13. Once more.
14. Of the eye.
16. Duplicate.
17. District Forestry (abbr.).
18. Grown-up acorn.
20. Half of *Lulu*.
21. Female deer.
22. What you're proud to be citizen of.
23. Period of time.
25. Ad lib of a happy pigeon.
26. Preposition.
27. Pound (abbr.).
29. Found at most forest picnics.
31. Possessive pronoun.
32. Covers forest fire fighters.
34. How you should keep campfires.
35. First person pronoun (plural).
36. Essential logging tools.
38. 501, Roman numerals.
39. About.
40. England (abbr.).
41. Good card.
42. Measure of type.
43. Needs protection from forest fires.
45. Vital product of forests.
50. What we'll run out of if you don't help prevent forest fires.
55. Frequently (poetic).
56. Objective (first person).
57. Conjunction or adverb.
58. Only person who can prevent forest fires.

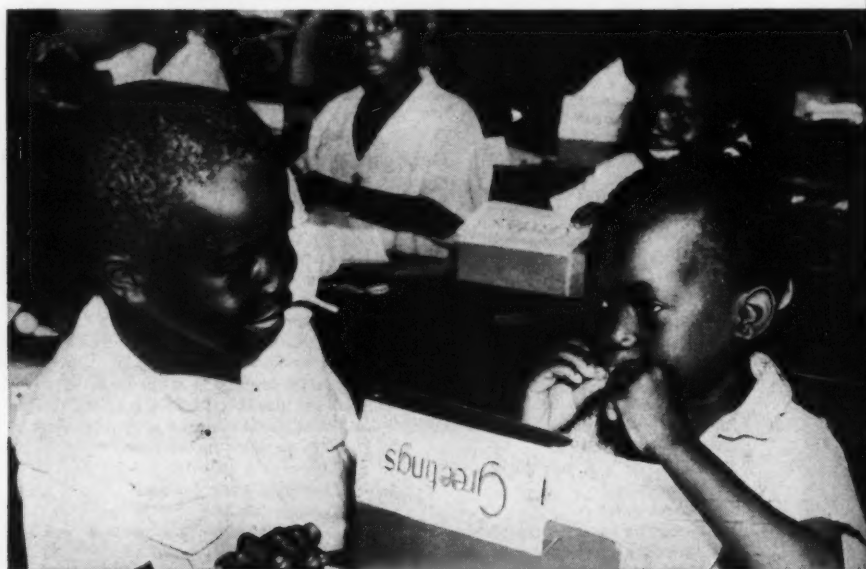
A THANK FROM THE



Can you read the French on the poster at left? It tells that pupils at Josephine-Charlotte School thank the American Junior Red Cross for gift boxes they are receiving.



After distribution of the gifts pupils get their picture taken with Mr. M. Gobillon, Commissioner of the province, and M. M. Bekeka of the Junior Red Cross.



Plenty of surprises are found in the gift boxes from America.

YOU— BELGIAN CONGO

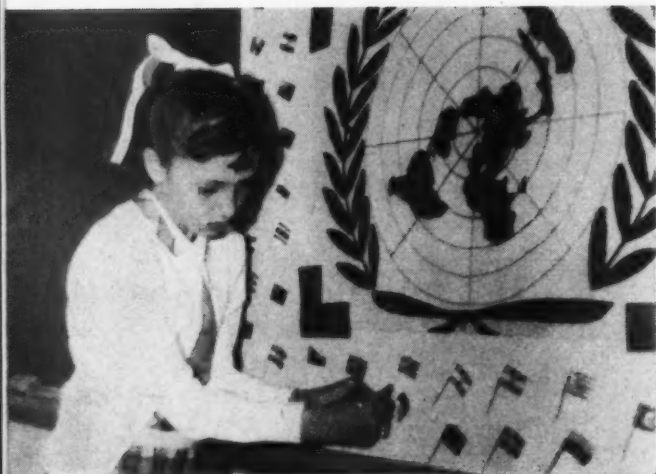
It was a happy day for the pupils of Josephine-Charlotte School in Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, when they received gift boxes from their far-away friends in the American Junior Red Cross. These pictures show the boys and girls saying thank-you with smiles and songs.



Girls in the "Young People's Circle" at Leopoldville also receive AJRC gift boxes.

"Thank you, American friends, for sending us greetings and gifts," sing children of Leopoldville.





We Make An Album

An album from Maplewood, Missouri (St. Louis Chapter), sends greetings of friendship to boys and girls in Poland.

IT ALL STARTED when boys and girls in Mrs. Frances Estes' 6th Grade room in the Valley School, Maplewood, Missouri, had a class discussion while studying Europe. It was at the time when the Hungarians made their brave stand against Communism. The pupils read about the revolt in their news reader and learned the meaning of the Iron Curtain. They came to know the need for peace. An idea was born! What are the "Keys to Peace?" they asked.

After reading about the Hungarians coming to the United States, they decided one key to peace would be, *A New Life for Refugees*, and another, *Caring for the World's Children*. This led them to the key of *Respect for Human Rights*, and so on, finally, to *Better World Understanding*. So they wrote to the United Nations for more information. They bought the UN flag for their classroom and miniature flags of the countries belonging to this organization.

Naturally everybody in the class wondered what the people of these nations looked like



TOP—Cheryl Greb, Valley School, Maplewood, Mo., pins the flag of Poland on the UN exhibit.

CENTER—Kathleen Brennan (seated) in Scotch costume and Cheryl Greb dress dolls in native costumes of other lands.

BOTTOM—Keys to Peace and dolls of the UN form background for Pat Brown, as she pastes class photo in album for Poland.

for Poland

and how they lived. One child after another brought something to school which had come from a United Nations country, especially dolls in native costumes. To complete these collections they dressed a doll for every country whose costume was otherwise missing.

By now Mrs. Estes' students wanted to put their keys into use and open the portals into one of those countries. She said they could make a Junior Red Cross album as an international correspondence project. It was right at this time that the Junior Red Cross in their chapter (St. Louis) was asked to make an album for Poland, so Mrs. Estes' class at Valley School offered to prepare one.

The children of Poland will find in this album what Junior Red Cross is and does in the United States, how its members welcome friends from across the seas and want to know them. The book tells about the Valley School, the city of St. Louis (of which Maplewood is a suburb), the state of Missouri, and the capital of the state, Jefferson City. JRCers at Valley School and their teacher, Mrs. Estes, hope that their album will be just the beginning of a continuous correspondence with Poland.

(THE END)

TOP—Mike Reagan and James Farrar assemble and paste articles and illustrations in class album.

CENTER—Jim Johnson stencils colorful decorations on the pages (this art technique is described in the album).

BOTTOM—Mrs. Frances Estes, teacher at Valley School, shows Donna Mulkey how to lace the cover onto the now completed album for Poland.





Andy wouldn't talk

A read-aloud story
by JANE THAYER

Illustrated by
Harry Goff

ANDY WAS A BOY who was too shy to talk to grown-up people. Ladies came to see his mother and said, "What's *your* name?" Andy put his head in a pillow so he wouldn't have to talk.

"Andy Applegate!" said his mother to Andy.

Ladies met him on the street when he was riding his bike, pretending it was a truck. They said, "Where do *you* live?" Andy looked at trucks going by so he wouldn't have to talk.

"Tell her you live at 44 Peach Street," said his mother to Andy.

There was just one person, besides his mother, that Andy liked to talk to. That was his dog Gertrude. Gertrude was large and clumsy with hair hanging over her eyes.

Every day Andy was allowed to go for a little walk. When he was ready to go Gertrude got excited. She said, "Woof, woof!" She looked at Andy through the hair hanging over her eyes and said, "Please, please, please take me with you!" Andy felt so sorry for

Gertrude that he always took her with him.

He explained to Gertrude about everything they saw, like trucks and cars. Gertrude wagged her tail and looked at Andy through hair hanging over her eyes and said he was a wonderful boy. Andy and Gertrude both liked trucks and cars and they had a fine time.

One day Andy and Gertrude were taking a walk when they saw a trailer truck. "You don't know it, Gertrude," said Andy, "but I could get right into that trailer truck and drive it. If I wanted to."

"Of course," said Gertrude, wagging her tail. "If you wanted to."

They went along and saw a police car. "You don't know it, Gertrude," said Andy, "but I could get right into that police car and drive it. If I wanted to."

"Certainly," said Gertrude. "If you wanted to."

They came to the place where they always turned around. "You don't know it, Gertrude," said Andy, "but I could walk all by myself to Boston or Buffalo. Do *you* think I could walk to Boston or Buffalo, Gertrude?" said Andy thoughtfully.

Gertrude wagged her tail and said yes, he certainly could, he could do anything.

So Andy decided to walk to Boston or Buffalo. He walked on and on, and Gertrude went too. Then all of a sudden Andy did not know how to get to Boston or Buffalo or even his own house. He sat down on the curb and Gertrude sat down too. It was very lonely, with no houses around, and after a while

Andy cried just a little because he wished he could see his mother. Gertrude looked worried and kissed Andy but she didn't cry.

At last a trailer truck came along. The driver saw Andy and Gertrude sitting there, and Gertrude looking worried, so he stopped and asked what the trouble was. Andy was too shy to talk to a truck driver of course, so he looked at a bird in a tree. The driver said, "Where do you live?" Andy looked at a bird in a tree.

"What shall I do with you?" said the truck driver. "I don't know where you live. The police station is too far away. I know. The hospital is near here. I'll take you there and the nurses will find out where you live."

He put Andy in the cab of the truck. Gertrude came along. "You help me drive," said the truck driver, so Andy wiped away his tears and helped him drive the truck.

When they got to the hospital the driver and Andy went inside. Gertrude had to stay out.

The nurses asked Andy his name. Andy was too shy to talk. "What shall we do with you?" said the nurses. So they popped him into a bed and gave him a toy rabbit to play

with. "Stay there like a good boy, honey," they said, and went to telephone the policeman in charge of lost boys.

The policeman in charge of lost boys came and said, "Where do you live?" Andy wouldn't talk.

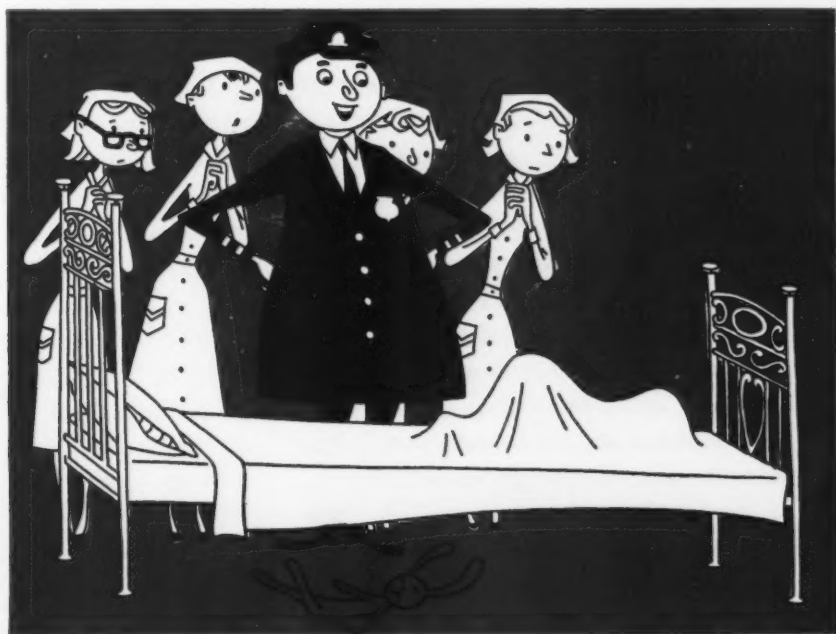
All the nurses and the policeman stood around and looked at Andy and said, "Who can he be? Where can he live? How can we take him home if he won't talk? Please tell us your name!" they begged.

Andy got under the covers and crawled right down to the bottom of the bed so he wouldn't have to talk.

Then the nurses and policeman went away. Andy felt lonely down at the bottom of the bed. He wished he could see Gertrude or his mother but he could not talk to those people.

Suddenly he heard a soft *klicketty klick* coming down the hall. Then he heard a soft panting outside the door. He peeked out. The door pushed open and in came Gertrude! She jumped on Andy's bed and poked under the covers. Andy quickly came out.

When Gertrude had kissed Andy she jumped off the bed, hurried to the door, and



Andy crawled under the covers so he wouldn't have to talk to the policeman and the nurses.

said, "This isn't our house. Woof! Come on home!"

A nurse heard Gertrude bark and came running in. "What are you doing here?" she cried. She took hold of Gertrude's collar. "No dogs in this hospital! You come right out!"

Gertrude braced her legs and said, "Woof, woof!" She looked at Andy through the hair hanging over her eyes and said, "You're wonderful, you can do anything! Please, please, please don't let her put me out!"

The nurse pulled and Gertrude pulled, and suddenly Andy felt so sorry for Gertrude that before he knew what he was doing he said right out loud, "Andy Applegate, 44 Peach Street."

The nurse let go of Gertrude and ran to tell the policeman.

The policeman came and said, "Andy Applegate, we shall take you straight home."

Andy climbed into the police car and Gertrude jumped in too. The nurses waved goodbye.

Andy did not feel quite so shy since he had told the nurse his name, so he said to the policeman, "I helped the truck driver drive the truck."

"You did!" said the policeman. "Well, you'd better help me drive this car."

Andy helped the policeman drive and he felt very happy.

When they drove up in front of his house Mother came running out. She was so glad to see Andy she hugged him. The policeman told her where Andy had been.

"Don't you ever, ever, ever, *ever* go away again!" said Mother as she and Andy went into the house. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Andy. He was so happy about driving the police car he wanted to tell her about it. He said, "Do you know what?"

"By the way," said Mother, "did you tell them your name?"

"Yes," said Andy.

"Did you tell them where you live?"

"Yes," said Andy.

"Well, good for *you*!" said Mother in great surprise.

That made Andy feel happier than ever! Just then a lady came to see Mother. The lady knew Andy wouldn't talk, but she was polite so she said, "How are you today?"

And Andy was feeling so happy that he said, "Fine." He just *had* to tell someone about the police car so he said, "I rode in the police car!" Then he began to feel shy so off he galloped outdoors.

Another lady came along. She knew Andy wouldn't talk, but she was polite so she said, "How are you?"

"Fine," said Andy. He wanted to tell somebody about the trailer truck too so he said, "I rode in a trailer truck."

Then he felt a little shy so off he peddled on his bike, pretending it was a truck.

Andy and Gertrude met a third lady. She knew Andy wouldn't talk, so she didn't say a word.

But Andy was beginning to have a good time telling about his adventure. So Andy stopped.

"Do you know what?" he said. "I rode in a trailer truck and I helped the driver drive. And I rode in the police car too and I helped the policeman drive that!"

Then all the ladies were simply amazed and they said to Andy's proud mother, "What a big boy! What a wonderful boy! Why, he talks to people!" (THE END)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE, PAGE 17

S	M	O	K	E	Y	T	H	A	N	K	S
H	A	U	N	T		A	G	A	I	N	
O	P	T	I	C	W	D	I	T	T	O	
P	D	F	O	A	K	L	U	W			
D	O	E	U	S	A	E	R	A			
C	O	O	A	T	L	B	A	N	T		
O	U	R	G	R	I	M	E	L	O	W	
U	S	P	E	A	V	I	E	S	D	I	
R	E	E	N	G	A	C	E	E	N		
T	W	A	T	E	R	S	H	E	D	E	
						I					
T	I	M	B	E	R	L	U	M	B	E	R
O	F	T	M	E	A	S	Y	O	U		

DENA REED tells . . .

the story of Kokomo Jr.



"I'm not very good but I'm loud!"

ONCE UPON A TIME—in November 1955 to be exact—there was born in the forest region of Africa a cute little baby chimpanzee. For 9 months he ran free and wild and it looked like he would grow up to be a little savage like his mischievous and not too well-behaved brothers.

But one day, in far-off America, Nick Carrado sent to the Congo for a baby chimp to train, and who should be chosen for the honor but our wild little chimp! Nick gave his savings of \$1,800 for the animal, named him "Kokomo Jr." after another chimp he had had, and set about training the newcomer.

During that first week it looked as if "Junior" didn't want to be trained. Though he weighed but 15 pounds, he fought so hard it took four men to hold him long enough to get a collar on him so Nick could get him back to his home town of Rome, New York, where Kokomo was to get his education. In Rome, he came down with pneumonia and Nick, too, was sick with worry. But with the

help of the four men he was able to make Kokomo swallow his medicine, and the next week he was well and on his feet.

Now he grew fond of Nick, who had nursed him and made him well again and he tried to be a good chimp and do what Nick wanted. Nick had been in the Marine Corps and he knew how to temper discipline with love and kindness. As soon as he saw that Kokomo was trying his best, he took off his collar and let him have the run of the house. Kokomo ate his meals at the table with Nick and learned polite table manners—how to handle his spoon and his glass. He slept in a little bed all his own in his own room, which Nick filled with the same wonderful toys that Mommy and Daddy gave you.

In fact, Kokomo was trained with the same love and care given little boys and girls. Being a smart chimp, he quickly learned that when he was naughty he might be put in his room alone to quiet down or even given a gentle whack when he needed it. But when he was good, Nick would hug and

kiss him and call him a "good boy." Even when Kokomo got a spanking, Nick always hugged him afterwards so he would know that while Nick disapproved of bad behavior, he still loved Kokomo.

Nick taught the little chimp how to do a lot of things—to pick up things, to pull and push, to dial the telephone and to shake hands. But more important, these were not just "tricks"; Kokomo was carefully and patiently trained to "understand" directions. By repeating a word and showing Kokomo what it meant, Nick taught him to do practically anything he was told.

Kokomo began his television career in Florida acting in commercials, but when J. Fred Muggs, the chimp of the "Today" show, left, Kokomo was signed to take his place. Everyone on the show—as well as watchers the country over—has taken Kokomo Jr. to his heart. When you see him, you can't help loving him, he is so smart and cute.

"Junior" is one chimpanzee who is growing up just like a child. He has all his meals with Nick, drinks from a glass, uses his spoon neatly, and keeps himself tidy with a napkin. Before going to bed, he has a glass of warm milk or hot cocoa. To keep him looking neat, Nick shaves him twice a week and Kokomo doesn't mind a bit. His clothes are bought in a kiddie store and he has a suit to fit every event on the "Today" show. When they telecast a golf match, Kokomo appears complete with golf clothes and golf sticks.

"One of these days," says Nick, "Kokomo may actually talk. He does everything but." Nick is teaching him sounds in the hope that soon he may put them together into words. But since his mouth is shaped differently than ours this isn't easy for Kokomo. Right now he makes his own little sounds of pleasure when he is happy and moans in pain when he is sad. When Nick calls him "a bad boy," he moans sorrowfully till Nick

gives him a hug to show he's forgiven. He loves to play with his rubber ball and to make a big noise with his drums.

Since the "Today" show is on so early in the morning, Nick and Kokomo have to get up about 4 or 5 for rehearsals. By 11 in the morning they are through working and ready for bed. Kokomo has become very fond of Dave Garroway and obeys him well. If you watch the show you can see how much Mr. Garroway loves him too.

For a young chimp, Kokomo has received a great many honors. Seventy-five students of Kokomo, Ind., presented him with a scroll from the mayor, and singer Dorothy Olsen, who sings songs for children on the RCA-Victor label, wrote a special song for the little chimp and sang it to him on the show.

Kokomo takes these honors modestly but shows his pleasure by clapping his hands, shaking hands, and when you let him, giving you a happy hug!

Here is the song that was written especially for Kokomo Jr. and sung to him on "Today." It is titled "Good Morning, Mr. Kokomo."

*Good morning, Mr. Kokomo,
You're such a darling creature,
You're perfect in your funny way,
In ev'ry little feature.*

*From your broad roamin' nose
To your long curly toes,
You are all that a chimpanzee should be.
There's no ape or baboon
Who would not just as soon
Be like you. That is, if he could be.*

*You've got me loco, Kokomo.
I'm wild about your brain, dear.
Why, you're even smarter than
That famous red-nosed reindeer.*

*You're handsome, charming, debonair—
A star, it's plain to see;
And Kokie, now you've gone and made
A monkey out of me.*

Verses fall like leaves

The Things of Autumn

I wonder how the leaves fall.
 Is it wind?
 Is it rain?
 Or, is it little scissors that cut them off?
 I wonder how the leaves grow back.
 Is it little buds?
 Or little bugs?
 I wonder about a lot of things of autumn,
 you see.

—ULYSSES LUPIEN
 School No. 301
 Baltimore, Maryland

S Is for Service

A is for aid that Red Cross gives
 M is for membership in the JRC
 E is for emergency calls Red Cross gets
 R is for rescue work by volunteers
 I is for the injured aided by Red Cross
 C is for children in the JRC
 A is for ambulances that rush to accidents
 N is for the nurses in the Red Cross
 J is for jacks that go in the gift boxes
 U is for understanding that JRC teaches
 N is for news the publicity chairmen get
 I is for international Junior Red Cross
 O is for oxygen given to aid breathing
 R is for railroads over which ARC supplies go
 R is for rolls of bandages made by ARC
 E is for equipment that doctors need
 D is for donations of any kind
 C is for crisis like in a disaster
 R means remember to help those in need
 O is for officials of the Red Cross
 S is for service given by the ARC
 S is for service given by the JRC

—GRADES 4, 5, AND 6
 Honokohau School
 Oahu, Hawaii

At School

When I go to school today,
 I'll be fair in work and play.
 I'll help my friends every day,
 So we'll all have time to play.

—LINDA AND PEGGY WEATHERFORD
 Richmond, Virginia

Let's All Join Hands

(Tune: *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*)

Let's all join hands and form a ring
 Form a ring and dance and sing.
 For we have learned how we can bring
 Happiness to others.

We may be short, we may be tall,
 We may be big, we may be small,
 But we're not too young to know that all
 Yes, all men are brothers.

Come join our group and you will learn
 To care, to share, to save, to earn.
 The joy you give you get in return
 In service for others.

—Sung at meeting of Junior Red Cross
 Interscholar Council for Elementary
 Schools, District of Columbia
 Chapter, Washington, D. C.

October Days

October is a month of celebration:
 On the 24th, the birthday of the United Nations,
 By the 28th, Miss Liberty's birthday has arrived.
 From both of these much help has been derived.
 These are but two of the many days
 Which deserve red letters in special ways.

—NINA ALFANO
 S. 17th Street School
 Newark, New Jersey

Statement of Principles

OF THE AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS . . .

WE BELIEVE

in service for others,
for our country, our community, and our school
in health of mind and body
to fit us for greater service, and
in working for better human relations
throughout the world.

WE HAVE JOINED

the American Junior Red Cross
to help achieve its aims by working
together with members everywhere
in our own and other lands.



The establishment of a junior membership in the American Red Cross was announced by President Woodrow Wilson on September 15, 1917.

